# Poems for the 21st Century

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a cosmos original 2009
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ISBN-10 0-9534703-8-59
ISBN-13 978-0-9534703-8-9
EAN 9780953470389 2009
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Daniel 5:5 5 *In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.*

To Aliens

# BRIGHT BEGINNING

A star fell through the air, and brought a bright beginning to those who care.
Wonderful and bright now is the feeling, and warm is the afterglow.
From this day on nothing will ever be the same, for life has most definitely changed.
Someone will come and take your hand.
They will say: “I will show you the world.”
And with one kiss your fate will be sealed.
And all the days in life for you, will be like a hundred million stars along the Milky Way.

# POEM FOR WORKERS

You start today and right away you think of something easy to say, like: “What do you think about the weather, then?”
Yea, that sounds okay.
And remember the man at the bank has already marked your name down to be paid: for work you get a digital cheque these days.
I don’t think respect is something your mates will think about much, though.
And when Mr Big tries mental gymnastics on you, saying things like:
“Watch your time!”

“Remember this is a workplace!”
You can always escape by dreaming about your holidays, or about people who get extremely well paid.
But all in all, by the end of the day you can walk home with your head held high, and say:
“Yes, I have been a worker today.”

# TUMBLING DAYS

What day is it?
Monday, Wednesday?
I don't know.
It really doesn't matter, for days that come after each other are always the same anyway:
Monday is mournful.
Tuesday is the start of something new.
Wednesday is great, the week is halfway through.
Thursday is terrific, you start to live a little.
And the weekend, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, are together again like old friends.

And sometimes there are three hundred and sixty five of them, from a Roman calendar.
How about that.
And as they come in and out of our lives, like rain on stepping stones, see if you can catch one and keep it, forever.

KEEP ACTIVE

Keep going, keep true, for all good things will see you through.
Make a wish, catch a star, and see if you can ride a ring around the world.
If you get tired you can jump of.
But you may find that you are on the other side of time.
So listen to your heartbeat.
And although you may not understand what is happening to you - have fun.
Meet your friends and remember on the other side of the sun, life is the same for everyone.

And when you come back to this side of time, with your beautiful face all aglow, shout, laugh, and run, run, run…

# DEPRESSION

Skyline says up, but I'm down.
I walk through fields of aches and pains, till I see someone.
Oh, there's Willie Hunter over there.
He's retired now, doesn't know what to do with himself.
Hi Willie, how are you?
"Terrible."
Is it the weather I ask. That is making you blue?
"No, I don't think so."
Well, what the hell is it?
"I don't know, I just feel down."
And as I walk away, I wonder to myself:
What is it that brings us up tomorrow and down today.

Is it the rain?
Is it the sky?
Is it black dogs?
Or an evil eye?
I guess the only thing we will ever know is that we're here.
And as sure as death waits, we will all, one day, just disappear.

# THE WRONG RESTAURANT

Just as a window views people and reflects what it sees, I think I'll just sit here, and wait for a few more characters to appear.
Ah, here's one coming, right now.
"I've been reading about your new pre-theatre menu in the local paper. Can I have a look at one please?"
The young waitress smiles and gently replies: "I'm sorry, Mrs Clark, were still waiting for them to arrive from the printers."
"Oh, well, not to worry, I'll just have a fruit juice and wait for my friends to arrive."

It’s best if you don’t look at her when she looks over at you. Middle-aged women in Glasgow are funny about that sort of thing.
After watching her watch herself a telephone rings on a small table, down near the door, and presently a voice on the other end of the phone says to the young waitress:“Is there a Mrs Jean Clark in the restaurant?”
A few moments pass, then the waitress smiles and walks over to where Mrs Clark is sitting, and she says to her apologetically: “Oh, excuse me, Mrs Clark.”
“Yes.”
“I’ve got some bad news for you.”
“You have.”
“I’m afraid your in the wrong restaurant.”
“I am.”
“Yes, you are.”
“Of course I am, this is Tuesday, and we meet everyTuesday in town.”
As she hurries out of the door the window that views people, and reflects what it sees, mirrors another face, before it disappears.

# NO SYMPATHY PHONE CALL

What's up!
Your not sounding yourself, today.
Take a rest.
Take a pill.
Don't you know that strength and weakness come from the will.
Don't be silly. Your time has not yet come.
Your just ill.
And by the way as you lie there, in your sickbed, I would just like to say, we are all having a great time here.

What, you didn’t get an invitation!
Oh, not to worry. Listen try not too sleep too much.
And phone me later.
Remember take plenty of hot drinks.
And take your temperature night and day.
The body is a wonderful thing, you know, for letting youknow when it’s ill.
Keep warm.
And if you can, take a really hot bath. Then a really cold one.
No, only joking.
But above all things remember, darling, whatever you do-don’t forget your ill.
Bye.

# THE STUDENT

Older faces in classroom chairs, worried looks, receding hair. No girls here with secretarial class.Boys without gumption present and past. Crushed by the wheels of society.

# THE TEACHER

Boffin boffin what's a coffin?
Facts and figures, I hear you say.
Then tell me why it is you follow the Velvet Undergroundand not Wittgenstein: the man who fashioned language into a new game.
And please tell me why it is you still look at life through old-fashioned national health specs.
And why is it that after all these years your socks still need darned, and your shirts still need ironed.
Boffin, boffin, what's a coffin?
Facts and figures I hear you say.

# THE CLEANER

Swish, swish, swish.
These kids, God love em, make some mess
It wasn't like that in my day.
I tell you, if we had left the classroom like this, we would have all been out on our ear.
And they've got everything, you know, today: Videos, computers, TV's.
Mind you, I wonder what their homes are like.
Swish, swish, swish.

# THINK COLOUR

What colour is it?
Green?
Blue?
There are so many about these days.
Some old.
Some new.
Some antique.
Some like glue.
Every billboard has them on view.
Homes have them too.
Suburbs and cities have different hues.
Just like me.
Just like you:

for Colour is a feeling
Colour is a bird.
Colour is crazy.
Colour is absurd.
And when your mind picks them up
And throws them at you, saying:
Look that's yellow.
That's purple.
That's blue.
Do you dismiss them.
Or do you look, and think pure colour.

# HALF-DAFT

Make your way through life half-daft.
I tell you people won't mind.
In fact, they may even get to like you.
For don't you think that when you become serious, they become unkind.
Here's a good example:
When people ask you:"Are you working, yet?"
Say to them, well, it's not really work.
You know what I mean. It's art.
And when they ask after friends, say to them:
Oh, they are fine, but I'm still half-daft.
And when they laugh, say isn't that funny.

Someone in time and space will no doubt ask you:
“Have you won anything on the capitalist lottery, yet?”
Answer them by saying:
I wouldn’t know what to do.
Then after a second or two, say:
I really don’t know anything about Fibonacci.
And when they laugh, say:
But I know what I’ll do.
I’ll pick 3 and 2 and double 22,
then I will multiply 6 by 3,
then add 20, and 12.
Do you think that will do?
I tell you, you can get away with anything when your half-daft.

# FORGET ME NOT

Please will you remember me, and all the things that I hold for you.
If ever I attach myself to something in a play, or in a word, or something you may say, please don't turn away.
Remember a famous man who claimed the world, and whose birth is still celebrated today, showed us the path away from death's decay.
You see life can be a trick, full of hope, want, need, and lonely days.
But if you ever find yourself looking at the faces in the crowd, and one of them says something to you, about me, not out loud.
Please forget me not.

# DON’T KNOW

Question to question, but the answer is always the same.
But surely when a concept and an image collide, what is true is true.
And over a period of time we humans become aware of what is going on.
Well, let’s see:
How many men does it take to start a revolution?
Is it the role of man to put his fellow man out of work?
What does history tell you about the future?
Is fact from fiction, or fiction from fact?How are myths made?
Do you think mind over matter really matters in a material world?

What is the key to life for those who are deaf and dumb?
Will you one day make the trip of a lifetime with a love done?
Who is the lonely man inside you?

# REPEAT REPEAT REPEAT: DEJA VU

It sounds to me like something I've heard before: a word, a phrase, a name, or a quote.
But no-one likes doing it - I know.
I have even heard it said that you can be thrown out of fashionable society because of it.
Some days you can be going along quite nicely, then all of a sudden that dreadful feeling comes over you: deja vu.
And before you know it you repeat something that has just been said.
Nothing now you can think to say is novel.
The world is suddenly an angry place, it wants something new.

And to be honest with you, I suppose if the eternal reoccurrence is true.
Then you and I have already met.
And what is more what I have written you have already read, and what you have thought I have said. Repeat repeat repeat: deja vu.

# CAR WOMAN

Oh Lord, she looks so good in that car.
As she sits at the lights, with her friend who's smoking a little cigar.
I bet, as she blows the fumes our of her rear end, she's listening to something nice, like the Beatles or Bach.
She's probably been to university, and is well-read, and has had many strange lovers, in many strange beds.
They say, you know, she's got a mortgage now, and a husband who fits into society the same way as jam does into a jar, and of course she's got that car.
Ah, well, there she goes heading up to Spam Valley where the Jews and the nouveau riche live on both sides of the Ayr road

But, Oh lord, she looks so good in that car.

# MY SOLICITOR

Dear Solicitor,
Tony Ball has got my song, I sent it to him in the post,last week.His secretary said he would listen to it when he got backfrom his winter vacation.I think she said he went to Aspen, or was it Colorado. Ireally can't remember.Anyway, he's got my song; for I sent it to him in the postlast week.When I wrote his name on the packet, I thought tomyself: This Mr Ball must be a high flyer who lives life tothe full. He must be a man who lives life on the edge.Then I wondered if he would play my song to his friends:"Listen, I got this tape in the post last week. Would any ofyou like to hear it?"Mind you he doesn't seem the

type to have many friendsthat is.Let's give him a chance anyway. Please keep in touch.Four mouths pass and no word comes from the man whohas got my song: Mr Tony Ball.I'd better phone him, for all does not appear well: Hello.Can I speak to Mr Tony Ball - you see he's got my song.A strange man in a strange tone sings down thetelephone:"I'm sorry he is not here at the moment, I'm putting youback to the switchboard.""Hello caller, can I help you?" says another strange voice.Yes, I would like to speak to Mr Tony Ball, you see he'sgot my song, and I want to speak to him."That was Mr Tony Ball you just spoke to, caller."So why does the man, who has got my song, not answerto his name?"Just hold on caller."Pause"Hello caller I have just spoken to Mr Tony Ball, and hesays that he has not got your song."What!"He may have lost it. He doesn't know."There is something funny going on.You tell Mr Tony Ball, the man who has got my song, thatI'm going to ask the Chief Constable of London toinvestigate this case, and get me my song back.Two days later.An envelope comes through the door, with no frank, nodate, and no stamp on it.But as it fell to the floor, I said to myself, I bet that isfrom the man who once had my song: Mr Tony Ball.BAD VISIONI thought I saw you on a bus around many people and alot of fuss.The wooded area came and, as the town scene faded, Ithought I saw you again.This time in the middle of a street with as many faces asmy mind could keep.A TV in a

shop came on and, as the couple inside felldown, the image of you thankfully disappeared.It may very well have been that image, or the image ofsomething else, that made me think about you, andsomeone I once knew.It was twenty past three, and it was just before, or after,Easter. You were dancing in a frock coat. And when yousaw me approach you spat on the ground.It was ever so strange.Even after all this time, I sensed that love-hate lay in waitfor me, trying to bring me down.SINRing, ring, ring, right I'm coming.So out of the door, I'm on my way, thinking of things I'vedone today.Walking along, I wonder if what has passed will run andrun.Taxi man God bless him, tried to pull me into the worldby saying:"It's a nice morning, eh?"Yea, I said, then looked away.And although it was still dark,I did not know if my strength would last till dawn,and what has been said, and what has not been said,could be undone.You see, I believe everyone has got to take account oftheir actions when things go wrong.The innocent man is as much to blame as the crazy man.For in this world not many things are known, except thatwe are all sinners, out on loan.KNOWLEDGEI know what has been written has been read. Don't askme how I know - I just know.When I was young I was told that books were for shypeople, and the world was for men.Then one day the world came and kissed me on the sideof the cheek and whispered:"Look at this.""Look at that.""Isn't that fantastic."So the next day I went out and bought books

oneverything: maths, geometry, Matisse, movies,Maupassant...And every night I read them; and slowly over the yearsmy mind became filled with facts and fancies.So that is why I can say to you here, that I know what hasbeen written has been read.TO NEILOne-time I met this man who said he had been on themoon.We were standing in a banquet in Langholm. Langholmis near Carlisle, and Carlisle is in England.The moon I believe is somewhere in the universe, and theuniverse is somewhere in God's Kingdom.Right back to the banquet.When I shook hands with him, I looked into his clearblue eyes, and said, Hello. How do you do?And I felt quite shy. When he replied: "Please to meetyou."I remember thinking: I don't think this occasion will everbe repeated, you know - meeting you.This is a once in a lifetime sort of day.But I must tell you here in this poem, that ever sincethen, when the moonlight appears in the sky, and comesdown and hits the moving earth, I start to think strangethings. And I often wonder if moon dust has been left onmy mind by that man's hand.Looking back he seemed a nice chap.I felt that he understood everything in life has its place.And by the way, that's not just you and me - but thewhole human race.When I go round the town, where I live, I shake handswith all the people and say:Great to see you!How do you do?And when they start to play their funny games, ashumans do, I smile at them, and say: See you soon, andas I walk away I think about

my life, my love, my country,and people that I may never meet, and of course the manon the moon.PLASTIC IMAGEMet a nice girl last night, who said:“I don’t know what to do with mywonderful life, do you?”And as she poured her drink out into a long tall glass, shelooked at me, smiled and said:“You know, I don’t think that my premises are consonantwith my conclusions.”She had just been to America.Then after looking at all the nightclub faces around her,she added:“But if I could only be like a photograph of myself, whenI’m happy, I don’t think I would have any problems.”I told her that taking pictures is not a story in itself.It’s abstract. It’s not the real thing.And if your mixed up now what chance will you have inthe future of understanding things.After a pause, a thought, a cough, and another drink, sheseemed to grasp that taking pictures of oneself is astrange thing.However, as she walked away from me to some one else,I overheard her say:“I don’t know what to do with mywonderful life, do you?”CUP OF TEAWhat would life be like without a cup of tea?“Sugar and milk?”No thanks, just tea.“Is that all, now, sir?”Yes. that’s it. Thank’eeCup hits saucer,money comes back to me.Water, evergreen shrub, makes tea.After a break it’s back to work, thinking:Ah, what would life be like without a cup of tea?FASHIONFashion is a faraway thing imposed on people, bymothers and fathers, who no longer sing.It involves, among other things, cloth, mode, manners,paintings, and rings.Fashion is secretly placed

into hearts, when people areyoung, so that when they are old they will sing:“Goodness me, that looks good, is that a new thing!”Then the game starts:“Don’t be silly. That style went out with the ark.It’s as old as the hills.”“But the man on the telly wears a pair!”“Yes, but it’s all right for him, darling. He’s in showbusiness. He doesn’t care.”“No, he can dance and he can sing, and moreover wearany old thing.”If you are worried about what you should wear just followthe older generation - for they didn’t care - and yourbound to succeed in everything.It’s called fashion, you see. It’s a trick played on those, bythose, who know a little bit about life. All you do isdevelop cloth, mode, and manner into something calledstyle and, as sure as anything, someone one day will callit fashion.QUESTIONS FOR THE 21st CENTURYA cross thought brought so many questions to my mind;feeling tired I sat down and thought until I felt fine.However, after that the questions came back to me againand again, as regards the pain of life in our time.Perhaps it was because of the man who knocked on mydoor just before five o’clock and said:“Do you think the rich are getting richer?”“Do you believe in a classless society?”“What sort of relationship should parents have withhomosexuals?”“Have you read the Tory press today?”“Do you believe what your friends say?”“Do you think you are better off than say five years ago?”“What role should Great Britain play in Europe?”“Would you

trust a foreigner with your money?”“Is there anyone in your household over the age of 16,who has not seen a pornographic movie?”“Is the prime minister a stooge?”DEVIL THOUGHTSDevil thoughts cast in the wrong direction, they say, canfalsify whatever lies behind the skin.It must have been there, I guess, since the beginning ofsin.Isn’t it a wonderful and strange thing, anyway, how animage from me to you, and from you to me travelsbetween us.But that’s beside the point.All I want to know is why we cause trouble.We all want to have a clear conscience.Don’t we?But the monsters deep down won’t leave us alone.Everyday we hear them scream and shout, day in day out,let us in, let us out.I would like to say a word, or two, on this subject for anew century:Get behind me Satan.DUST CLOUDI have a comet in my right eye.It swirls around and moves in and out of my life.It sometimes dances for me along my vision line.Planets I bet were formed this way.Then we came.Ever since that day life has become a complete haze.WAITRESSThere’s no time to be aware of yourself in a job like this.First thing you learn to do is to be happy, and to give outpositive vibes.“Good morning. How are you, today?”And you say it like that even though you are still in thefirst month of the year, and it has been raining cats anddogs for weeks.Don’t get me wrong, I like my job, and this eating out is agreat game.The chap who owns this place is all right - he gets drunka lot, but no one complains.But it is

the lack of excitement in the catering trade thatgets me down. I wonder what it was like in Glasgow yearsago, before the low cost, high tech, service trade camealong.I bet people enjoyed themselves a lot more then, thanthey do today.I know a man who comes in here every Friday. He saysthat Glasgow has followed Benidorm, and that's why weare now full of restaurants, bars, and discotheques. Theonly problem I have with that is that you can't lie on thebeach in the afternoon here in Glasgow.Mind you the two cities probably have the same amountof ticket touts and gigolos.When I think about it, though, some of the people whocome in here act as if they are foreigners:"I would like a mineral water and a glass of cottonon."(Cotes du Rhone)And they say it in such a mushy tone, too.Wait a minute who's that chap sitting over therescribbling something down on a notepad.I'd better go and see if he wants to order.Would you like something to drink, sir?Eh…THE FUTUREWhat's in it for me?I don't want to see war and destruction.I want to be free.What has passed has gone forever.And I know what is made today will be here tomorrow.Yes, above all things I want life to be interesting to me.A bit like a runaway train.You see it on the horizon.Then it goes past you, whoosh…Then it appears again with all the names on it, where youwant to go.Then it's off once again to where you are thinking ofgoing, whoosh…BROKENThe last time I tried it, everything was all right - justshows you.Never

put your trust in material or mechanical things.I bet when it was made the fault crawled into it, and set atime, date, and place to break.Should I throw it away, and get a new one?Or should I put my boot through it first?Chuck it out the window?Give it to the scrap man?Make it into something useful?Give it to the dog?It really bugs me when these modern appliances simplywon't work.UNEMPLOYED MANI am a man with no rights.I have a passport, but that doesn't matterfor my pay can come on any day.There's no piece of paper that I can hold up and say:"Look it says here that I should be paid on every secondFriday of every month.""That's right?" I hear, them shout back,"You'll get your money, some other day."Jane Johnstone doesn't like unemployed people she saysshe is fully booked now until the year 2022. If she onlyknew that I was a man with no rights, I'm sure she wouldtry to take advantage of me.And when the financial men in my city walk around thetown, and talk down cordless telephones to each othereveryday: I hear them say:"He's got no rights!""Employ him right away!"What are you waiting for!""Cheap labour, hardly any pay.""Bring him in, let us see him.""We won't of course give him, a contract; we will pay himthe other way."LOVEIt's got to happen, I mean the day must come. It was afairy-tale once when I was young.But the idea is the same.You see I think life makes its own way through the worldfrom side to side, then back to front.And

everything that is strange, becomes strange but true.I am sure you will have your own philosophy on thesubject too.But it has got to happen.I mean to say it is the only mouth to mouth resuscitationleft to mankind.And moreover even for pathetic intellectuals who live in aliterary zoo: Love is true.THE RIGHT WING WOMAN AT THE ENTERPRISEOFFICEThe bus is pale, the world is frail, and for some reasoneverything seems a day behind you when fascist womenrule the world.First of all she sends me to the wrong address.And when I return, she says to me:"Oh, there's nothing we can do for you, Mr Artman, goaway, shoo, shoo."The poor thing you can see has forgotten how to care.By the way, in these enterprising days, they say you canget away with anything.It must have been a crazed government official who gotinto her bedroom, that's for sure, and choked the can Ihelp you question out of her, before she slipped into hernightdress and money dreams.Looking into her quick and thoughtless eyes, I retorted:Capitalist woman: Do you know what happens, whenpeople like you turn their backs on society?"No," she replied.Well, all the downtrodden people and all the lost childrenof the world become rebels, and start a revolution.The capitalist woman did not know this. And afterthinking about it she said that she did not care for poetry:"Art is dead," she snapped.And as she walked away she shouted at me:"Get into money!"FIRST DATEI've got to get there.You don't

understand.She told me she would bethere at eight.So across the line I go.Early or late it doesn't matter, I've just got to get there.Although, I can't help wondering to myself, as I run andtry to think straight, why in the world do we have to gothrough this sort of thing.I mean why can't we just meet here, and not there, everytime we have a first date.HERO THE TV ZEROI don't know how these things influence me so much.I mean take Hero the TV Zero, who is always on TV, hisname is adored by millions.Well, they say it's only the simple and the sane that knowwhat lies in a name.If you don't believe me switch on your TV right now, andyou will no doubt hear the voice of fame.Go on…Tonight you must watch Hero the TV Zero.You must listen to his every word.You must repeat what he says to your friends. You mustwatch him closely.You must learn to be like him.Listen to him read the news.Hero the TV Zero is the greatest man in your room.You can never argue with him.Whatever he says is true.If you can't become real, then worship him.However, remember, Hero the TV Zero, born in the 50's,is not a 21st century man.TOOTHLESS GRANNIESCheeky women old and young sit around me like hens ina coup. Relatives, bus times, and rich folk, fill theirtongues with flames of fire.The pale faced silver-haired bitch who has no doubtkilled many men with a frying pan, opens her mouth, andthe others listen.First of all she tells them about the old class system, andthen about how children go off

the rails.She says she has seen it all, and just to prove it she looksout of the bus window, and stares at the grey world goingpast her.And before the dark knowledge inside her strangles hergoodwill, she says in a slow and menacing tone:“The world is evil.”DOCTORS ORDERS“Take one of these pills, every eight hours,” says thedoctor.But free thinkers don’t wear blinkers, I protest.Then I say to him.What’s in them?Who made them?Are they recommended by the EEC?“This is no time for logic,” says he.And as he pushes the bottle towards me across the smalltable he says apologetically:“Science has worked out everything for you, dear boynothing to worry about.”After a long look at the world and me down his scientificnose, he adds,“And if you behave yourself the modern nightmare worldof illness and decease will just disappear - temporarily ofcourse.”“1 every 8 hours.”NOVELWhat is page to page illusion set and ready made for you?Of course it is a book.To escape into the perfect world of print, from a seat inthe real world.Well, now that’s simply too good to be true.Is it not?Quick turn another page.And as the characters come and go, watch them taketheir places, then disappear, fall high, fall low.It’s a bit like being on a ship, or sitting by the fire.No, no, no, carry on please - I won’t go.You can change the script if you want to.Make up questions to answers if you need to.You can even interpret this or that scene.Mind you I just sit there and enjoy it, as the words turn topictures,

and the pictures turn to dreams.BEHIND TIMELook at the time, I've got to get up, it's well past nine.When I get to the office and the traffic is behind me, I canstart work.Right, go, go, go.How can the world ever wait for a man like me anyway?And here you are sitting on the edge of your bed.As if the whole of the day revolves, inside your head.Life is never on time - you should no that.It is only perfect when it is played out in someone else'smind.Goodness me look at the time.There are only two things to think about now.You either get up or you go back to bed.But whatever one it is.Don't forget that from now on your behind time.GO ONIf the pulse of a star flickers into your eye, and comesdown and hovers above you.Why not make a wish.Take the star in your hands, then throw it up into the air.And when it lands, pick it up, and say the words:I wish.FIRST THINGEvery morning a key turns a lock.And as the light comes across the floor.It wakens us all up.People come to see people.Faces are forgotten.Then remembered:"How are you?""What are you doing, now?"And all that sort of stuff.Everyday I try to remind myself.About all the important things in lifeLike: breakfast, dinner and tea.And of course opening up.DREAMERSI'm listening to the man on stage when suddenlysomeone tells me to get up and sing with him.Next, I'm standing on a bridge listening to a group ofpeople down below on the tracks.They seem to be plotting something or other.One of them looks up at me,

and he shouts:“Come and join us. No one can stop a runaway train!”And then they all laugh.Then suddenly, I’m in a tall building overlooking a city,circled by a lake.One of my friends, Robert, who is with me turns round,and says: “Lets go to the city, John.”On our way there we both stop and read the writing on ared brick wall:EVERYTHING IN LIFE IS A DREAMAND EVERY DREAM IN LIFEWILL HAPPENTHE YEAR 2022Grab it when it comes.Don’t let it get away from you.I hear a change is coming any day now.And things will never be the same again.Twenty centuries are over.The wind and rain have washed away the pain.Forget the old Pop people who have influenced you.Say goodbye to the TV, the motorcar,And false democracy too.The faces of the young are looking for new things to do.Paintings, furniture, and spaceships will all be new.For the sake of your soul don’t get left behind.SKYThe weather comes, the weather goes.And everything is revealed and mixed under you.Leaves are hidden and rain turns to snow.When the sky is beautiful prayers produce paradise.When it’s dark and desperate the miserable man wins.Sky you stretch from cosmos to cosmos.And although you care for everyone, you give nothingaway.Sky you are wonderful.You can change colour whenever you want to.And only once have you split to let a dove descend.What majestic and mighty power hovers above you.We the people of earth would like to thank you.By

blowing you a kiss.BIRTHDAY GIRLI'm going to London, but I'm coming back to dance withfriends.Just think the theatre will be wonderful, and the crowdsof people will drive me round the bend.I can see the shops, right now, Piccadilly and the WestEnd.Maybe I'll meet someone - a friend.Look wrap, wrap, wrap, goes the presents, and grab,grab, grab, goes the coins.Everything is going to be so marvellous, I'll sing at thetop of my voice.I just hope mum enjoys it too.Oh, I'm sure she will.There's bound to be lots of things for her to do.We will fly up, and fly down.Take a camera and some pills.Oh, I'm so lucky to have a mum and dad who once a yearmake me a birthday girl.THE HONEST LAWYERI am not in the arts, but I must say, I like them.Everyday, for me, you must understand is a judicial day.A day full of right and wrong.Justice you must understand is everywhere, even in akangaroo court.You see, I am an advocate of the devil, and when a man isin trouble he comes to see me, and he tells me his story.And what a story it is…Murder, theft, corruption, to name but a few.Actually, when it comes to storytelling, I feel, you know,that most men are economical with the truth.And over the years I have come to feel that life is actuallyultimately nil.I guess that is why my brain no longer knows what isgood and what is ill.But I can still put my clients view forward in a clear andconcise way.However, when I start to think about the world, itappears to me to be a straight fight between right

andwrong, with the judge and jury coming down on theshort, the tall, and the long - honestly.PICTUREPaint to brushBrush to ideaLine to colourColour to sceneForce to followFrame to factLook at thisLook at thatCanvas, woodMetal or steelMakes me wonderWhat is real.UNDERSTANDINGTo know this or that fact is quite a thing.A woman knows when a man will not turn up, because ofthe space between him and her. I myself will never lookover my shoulder because of the fear of salt.A mother knows when her son is going to be a man'sman, and when he is going wrong. And a father knowswhen his son is too delicate to drink with the boys.You don't have to see dark clouds to know rain will come.To read: Except ye signs and wonders ye will not believe.Is to read John chapter 4 verse 48.To see a glass full of wine is to know the bottle is nolonger full.It is the same for eyes that lie: for they no longer have thetruth in them.You must understand words that have been spoken havebeen placed in the earth, and are no longer hidden fromthe world.GOVERNMENT SCAMEvery Tuesday we go along to the government scam, andlisten to the little man.The little man jumps up and down, and tells us all aboutlife in the marketing land."Kill your brother if you can!""That is if he has got a better business plan, than you.""The important thing is to be successful" he says, as hecombs down an invisible strand.Do you want to hear some more from the little man whois in charge of a government scam,

okay:“If you need a car steal it.”“Don’t believe in anything except success.”“Borrow money from anyone. Tidy up. Don’t leave amess.”One day, however, the little man in charge of thegovernment scam got word of an new economic plan, andafter insulting all the unemployed personnel, hethreatened them with forced labour in Japan. He has gota thing about Japan.Then after he settled down, he asked everyone to sing:“Right after me, one two three, government scam,government scam. We are in this together, It’s a brandnew government scam.”If you don’t believe me telephone the carpet trainingagency in Glasgow, and ask for the little man, and I amsure he will say to you as nice as he can: “Oh, hello wouldyou like to join my new business course? I’m your man.Do you have a business plan?”But before you go, I can tell you it’s just anothergovernment scam.CIRCLEEverything they say is a circle, and everything they saymust go round.It is only when things stay the same that we start to callthem profound, sane.Birth, marriage, and death are really just like beginning,middle, and end.Some say the world is a circle enclosed by walls. Othersmaintain we can never get away from it at all.Let’s go round once again, shall we, and see what we canfind:Political geniusesRomantic poetsFallen womenFantastic fictionFalse factsHandsome menBeautiful womenNow do you understand the truth.And why you should put your trust in God and man.RAGAMUFFIN CHILDRENCold but interested they

look out at the big wide world.Tricks and the latest craze seem to make their heartshappy.I can see the world is never right or wrong for them.Life they say to me is, oh, so full of fun.I hope and pray that someone, someday, will help themwhen they have grown.Yes, bring them in from the cold.Teach them how to read and write, before they get toold.Don't let them runaway and be killed.SPRING TO COMEOne day spring came and left its mark on me. And now Ilook for it every time I go out.Spring where are you? Spring you are a world full of dreams and melodies.When you come alive, you come so near.Sometimes you look lost, but you are always sharp andwithout fear.You shoot up like a shot before you go underground, oncemore, then disappear.Oh, spring with autumn and winter not far behind you,and summer still to come, you are always dear.Spring you always leave a trace of yourself in thehedgerows, and in the soil.You never care for a dull moment, or for that matteranything that can spoil.You like new songs before the are sung, and the voices ofchildren still young.Wake up! Wake up! You sing to me. It's a new dawn.This ancient old world has turned once more.Spring has come.A THEORY OF THE COSMOSYes, it is big.I suppose I could stop there.But what I will say to you is this: Rigel is 900 light yearsaway from me.The sun beams down upon my neighbour, as well asupon people I do not know.A glass is made to be broken, and towns are wheresophisticated people go.If you love someone they

will feel it. But they may notlove you back.Difficulties come, difficulties go, and still you cannot seethe dead.You don’t know when you are being tested.Violence is the last resort of evildoers.Beautiful breasts are held by babies, and by grown men.Love making happens in time and space.The wind blows through the streets, and talks to thosewho listen.Sadly life is not something we can predict.A SOCIETY VIEW OF ACCEPTED SEXWith the opposite sex the natural way.With someone else, or with yourself,let’s just say an experimental way.The body craves and gets excited.Hands go to hands, and feet go to feet.Everything is in a come and go state.Women understand why it is that menpush on.Stars collide as money men divide.It is all about coming, and going now.Faces shine like the moon.The earth is beautiful: like a huge womb.Everything is in a new dimension ready and willing.THE GIRL AT THE DENTIST PRACTICEShe would like to see more.She would certainly like to know more.And if it weren’t for the dentist telling her to: “Get methis, and get me that.”She says her plans would fall into place like the fillingsand crowns inside a face.Eyes are what she likes best, though.They never appear dull,Even the ones with hardly any teeth in them.The perfect smile is what she searches for.When the kids come round after school, she watches theboys become tough to the sound of a slow drill.And the young girls shake, as their young hearts break tothe high notes of a supersonic

trill.SOUPWhy not open a can of soup right now, and see foryourself.See the water and veg. The carrots and the parsley.The lentils and the seeds. See how bright it all looks.Together with the bread and the meat.However, I'm not sure if you know this:But in every soup factory right throughout the land,There is a man who calls himself Mr Enhancer.They say he does a good job.Mum never uses him, though.MEANINGTake a day off to figure it out, think about it all day long.Wonder, stare or starve, But make up your mind now toask yourself later:What does it mean?Think about it again, and again, so that when an imageinside you corresponds with a word out there in theworld, ask yourself:What does it mean?When you read about a plane crash, birth, marriage ordeath, ask yourself:What does it mean?Music frees the soul, and you get lost, But after searchingand searching for the answer, you still ask yourself thequestion:What does it mean? TORTURE TVIt's on again, and from the corner of my room comesmurder, counterfeit sex, and an execution.After the Arab soldier has been killed, the black ChannelFour presenter says:"We are sorry for the quality of these pictures."Night-time is not much better.Howls of anger and constant hate.The sex act fatal and flawed. Oh, Ah, Oh, Ah.Adverts try to control you:"Buy this new wonderful Pizza!""Perfume!"Turning away from it all for a breath of fresh air, I say tomyself:How come these pictures fly through the air, and are sounkind.Torture TV

your out of your mind!It’s on again...THE VERY EXACT MANHe never puts a word out of place, for he is a very exactman.You must understand he has no time to waste. He alwaysgoes to bed at midnight - never after it. The very exactman always dreams the same dream - it never changes.And in the morning when the very exact man shaves, herepeats to himself, word for word, the dream he has justseen:“I’m standing in the company of men, and there waitingfor me to make an important speech about the company’sposition, the market place. In fact, for that matter thewhole human race.”The speech is always short and sweet. The very exact manknows that they will want to get to the bar, and phonetheir family and friends:“The very exact man has just made a great speech.”“Oh, you should have heard it.”“Straight to the point.”“Marvellous.”When the cold water hits his face the very exact mancomes back to this awful place, and gets ready to startanother day.One time he travelled on a plane, high in the air, to theother side of the world, with his girlfriend, who is now hiswife, and she looked at other men. And ever since then hehas turned his back on life, and has hardly said a word toanyone: for as I have said before, he is a very exact man.HANGOVERHead woke up this morning and banged.The world crumpled, then someone sang:Humble had a little bed, for someone who had a sorehead.Then a crowd of ghosts gathered round.“Are you not feeling well?”Leave me alone I said.

I’ll lie here, I think I’m dead.Thankfully they obeyed.Then I got on with another day.POEM FOR THE MILLENNIUMThis is a poem for a new millenniumFor it is no use looking back: the moon days are all gone.The silent days from 1900 that have been right and havebeen wrong, have all passed away - yes they have allgone.In one way, or another, young and old have new thoughtsdancing on their brows.Names of mortal men who really were something arenow no longer standing proud.Can you believe it: A thousand years to play with. Amillion thoughts to escape from!Composers, revolutionaries, and religious men, praisethe Good Lord, still to be born.Once again every man is like every other man on thepoint of no return.On the first day of the first week, of the first month, ofthe new year, everyone is set to go on a brand newvoyage.MY PLAYBOY FRIENDMy playboy friend likes nothing better than to sit withfashionable friends in up-to-date places.He says life, for men, is fast and easy and it will neverend.“Playgirls are for playboy men,” he says with a wink.“There are just there to please.”You will understand him better when you know why it isthat bunnies and blondes are important.Not just to him, but to other men.But that’s another story.I guess it’s all part of the power to charm“It was the same a thousand years ago, and what wasthen is okay now,” says my playboy friend.So let’s go once more round the club with him again, andshout for lager and

shorts. And dance till we come outthe other end.Outside he shouts for a taxi, then staggers round to me,his friend.And he says: “See I told you, life is for the living, andliving life is for your playboy friend.”COLOURSColours are thick, colours are fine, colours are straight,colours are lined.It’s true this black can be blue, when the light decides itwants to.It is also true that you have a favourite colour inside you.Oh, yes you do.I sometimes give colours to my friends as presents.But sometimes, for fun, I just keep them inside my head.For colours can be passed from year to year, eye to eye,friend to friend.Please take this colour blue.MOTHERSSee them happy after they have spoken.See them sad after good times have passed.They are never lonely, or stuck for something new.Caring is something they instinctively do.One knows another just by looking at her.They give food for thought, and nothing is left to chance.For everything is worked out and bought in advance.You can never separate a child from its mother.You can split them up, and put them in different warzones.You may, God forbid, kill one of them.But you will never tear them apart.For the mother and child are the space between the earthand the stars.The moon and a million guitars.Held together by the unseen chord of life.Through all the years of trouble and strife.YOUNG LOVEHe wishes and she prays. There opposites you see. Buttheir outlook is the same.At night they go to strange

places where the good musicis played.The tunes from the DJ seem to fly through the air, andfind a home in their hearts.The only problem is that sometimes they don't have a lotto say to each other.The world in which they live, you see, is a world full ofsense and signs.With rhythms, rather than melodies, to guide them, astheir young souls collide.MIDDLE CLASS PEOPLESophisticated and educated to a boring degree, they sitand make judgements about who, and what we shouldbe.For example if you have just lost your job, they will waitfor you to tell them - even though that information hasbeen given to them.They never rush up to you and say something straightfrom the heart, like:"Great to see you!""Gosh, your looking smart!"The next time you are in a restaurant watch them stare ateach other, as if life has no power, no meaning, no art.Alas the nation is in their hands like some sort of demonthat will never depart.UNREAL FANSRight it's on.And I have got a good position right in front of thecounterfeit screen.Eh, lager please, luv.Thanks.Right, here we go,With the latest entertainment show.Oh, it's tense stuff this ball game with it's images of whatis real turned false: "Oh, Oh, Oh, Ah, Ah, Ah!"That was nearly a goal!"Come on let's bring the other mob down with a chant ofhate," says an obscure commentator somewhere."OFFSIDE, PENALTY, OFF, OFF, OFF!""Oh, Oh, Oh, Ah, Ah, Ah!"The pub goes berserk.Whistle blows for half-time.Right that was great, let's mill around,See

what someone else has got to say about the Oh, Ah,show.Eh, what did you think of the game, mate?“It was a lot of crap.”That’s not a fair shout, I reply.“No, you want to argue about it.”Commentator: “It is going to be more of the same in thesecond half.”However, the bloke behind me does not agree. Better getanother drink in.Another lager, luv, please.“Right, there you go.”Thanks.“Goal!”Who scored.“What does it matter we are up one nil.”“Right let’s keep it tight,” shouts someone at my back.“It’s not long to go.”Don’t hear that bloke behind me anymore.Wonder if he’s gone to another pub, Ha, ha, ho ho.“Oh, Oh, Oh Ah, Ah, Ah,”Some people start to sing:“Here we go. Here we go. Here we go. Here we go!…”The chants start again.It is nearly time to celebrate.“Come on ref, blow, blow blow.”“The fans who stare at screens want to go, go go.”“We’ve won!”“Yeaaaa!”“What fun!”Life is just another counterfeit dream show.THE WEDDINGEverybody went.Well, everybody except the chap who got the groomdrunk 20 times a year.It was a happy and sad sort of affair, I must say.Just like the minister said it would be.The guests: women and men, lawyers and friends. Someliked to drink. Some said no.Others tried not to offend.A poet was there too, and said that it was romantic slowmotion that took everyone from the church to thereception. Then he muttered something about how inbiblical times everyone went home happy.All the guests had either bought a new

hat, or a new coat,or a new something for the occasion.And during the speeches a man got so tired that he puthis head down on a woman's padded shoulder, and hewent to sleep.The lawyer was the man who made the speech. On theway back home a lad of 7 and 30 asked the driver if hecould stop the hired bus, so that he could go for a piss ina black field.This seemed to signify once more that the guests wereback to the everyday real world of mice and men.And the day's events naturally moved along into the pastwhere in the memory, for some, they would never end.MESSAGE IN THOUGHTSafe signal light my eye. I think the truth is here. Lastnight I saw your pure glow all over the universe. Nowsigns and signals are everywhere.Stage fright and love nights made me run wild for a time.Then I threw away all my plans for a material life.And from that moment on, I tried to help people just bythinking about them.Phew, it's hard work this trying to pull you through.But because the King of love is everywhere.I know that all the stars in the sky are wonderful fantasticreflections of our own thoughts.And that all over the universe we come together here andthere, everywhere, in the name of love.TO THE CRITICThis is a poem to the people who know about importantthings like literature and plays.I've got to say, your job is a marvel to me. I mean youhave got to say what is good, and what is not so good. Bythe way do you think about it much, or do you make aninstant decision, and then follow it all the

way. When yougo to your computer, or when you pick up your pen, doyou hear the rabble shouting:“Down with her, out with them!”Or do you block it out and pray.It must be such an unpalatable job to pick a name, for aweek, or for a day, and wrap it around yourself and say:“This is good, interesting stuff!”“Very exciting!”“It’s absolute rubbish!”But tell me do you go to secret places to hide; because ifyou don’t, I’m going to runaway.No, I won’t, I’ll stay; I know you are just like me. For youhave to look into the mirror everyday, and give accountof the things you say.PUBLISHING WOMANWhen the sunlight streams into her place of work shelooks out of the window, and sometimes the world seemsso empty and incomplete.Like one million people never at peace. Or one millionwanderers with sore feet.When she thinks about herself, she appears round andcomplete.Oh, sure she would like to runaway and make love tomen on planes and trains.But she knows deep down that to be the world of death,and she weeps.After another long look at the world outside her window,then she goes back to the grind, and she reminds herselfabout many things.And of course when she sits alone at home at night thiswoman who works with words reads herself to sleep.SEX FEAR AND DEATHOn the train someone next to me coughs and says, “I’vegot to read that again.”And as he folds the paper open. He laughs, and says:“Sex, fear, and death.”Then the train moves off.“Unbelievable, would you look at this my

friend.”His eyes look down, he frowns, he moves, he looksaround. And then he says to me:“Pearls and after-shave, men underground, but this isstrange my man - fat ladies in underwear.”The landscape changes; this time alien ants crawl alongthe horizon line.Someone cries out in the distance: “Come here!”And it makes me wonder why the man next to me is sooverwhelmed.The conductor comes into our carriage and looks around.His movements are sure, but something in him I thinkyearns to be free.“Wonder what I’ll eat tonight. The body needs to be fed,”says the man next to me.The conductor cries, “Tickets please.”“Good, I’ve got some money, I’ll telephone someone, I’llcall a friend.”The train slightly tilts, as it goes slowly round the bend.Some yobs come through the train, with a carry-out, andhave a carry on.One of them says something about pulling knickers overheads, drinking wine, then going to bed.The man next to me looks at me, and even though I wassitting down he said, “I told you, big man, life is all aboutsex, fear, and death.”HAPPY CHRISTMASChristmas is a time for everyone shout: Mary’s boy child,holy and ivy, parcels and presents, lots of ice.Look women and children are everywhere; the bells makeme dreamy, yet I’m so full of life.Sing: Snow and angels dizzy under heaven’s hand: Thebirth of Christ.Wake up late tomorrow and forget about yourself, andyour lonely nights.Chant: Three wise men. Once in Royal David’s City.Remember the shops are open every

day now and everynight.It won't be long till it's over, and the weather will be onceagain fine.Shout: Slay bells, a girl with mistletoe, a bottle of wine.Peace on earth. Kiss me please, and break the ice.See the red faces running towards you under a skycovered with festive delights.Sing: Carols, Silent night, God Rest You MerryGentlemen, Jingle Bells, and everything will be all right.Merry Christmas!TIME TRICKBack inside the trick of time.The regulations state that all people who shout againstthe state should be heard, but not spoken to.Back inside the trick of time.A popular movement appears that creates wealth andensures success.Back inside the trick of time.We are all gathered here today to pay tribute to an authorwho has captivated the minds of so many people.Back inside the trick of time.When we listen to children we wonder why they say thethings they do.Back inside the trick of time.He's in, she's out, got to get myself something new.Everyone is doing it. It's a whole new ball game.Back inside the trick of time.Today they say young people make up there minds aboutlife early, and then keep it to themselves.Back inside the trick of time.DEATHIt's in the next room, quick run.Sit on the chair, don't despair.Here it comes again, better get up,No, no, sit there, no there. They say it never rests.It is always on the go,It certainly takes the fun out of life.Old and young don't seem to mind, though, I think theyknow, and don't care why it comes.HEARTBEATFrom the first beat on earth, to

now, life has travelled.Nothing has changed: for that simple heartbeat remainsthe same.THE END OF MONEY-LOVING DAYSStanding in the middle of the festivities, I hear a mothersoftly say to her daughter, ‘Why not see your country as afamily, and put forward a kindred viewpoint: a worldwhere no one is left out, a world where everyonecontributes, everyone works, no one waits for help, andno one waits for treatment or pleasure,’ after pausing,she smiles, then adds: ‘For a family in harmony is alwayshappy. You see a good family will always look after itsown. They will kick out elitism, censor any grudgingfeelings; money will be used, to be sure, but never flashedor bragged about.’Suddenly her daughter, who is standing next to her,shouts out, ‘There’s someone at the party, sitting overthere in the corner, looks like the lovers of materialismhave crowded him out!’Just then the father comes over, and he suggests, ‘Whynot bring the young lad over to me. Don’t leave him tothe wolves of despair. I will tell him about religion andother wonderful things.’As I look at the young man sitting in the corner, I say tomyself: Yes, I prefer the family viewpoint instead ofmaterial values.Just then the lad comes over, and he shakes his head andsmiles. He speaks to the man, and lo and behold not longafter this he wants to know all about the commercialactivities within society.Father laughs and tells him: ‘Socialism happens wheneverything is produced by the state, for the state, anddistributed in an equal and

fair way.'The lad wonders, then asks, 'So what is Capitalism?'Father answers him, 'Capitalism happens wheneverything is produced for the ownership of theindividual, for his pleasure, distribution or exchange.'The lad thinks about the two systems, then he asksanother question, 'And Communism?'The father replies, 'Communism happens wheneverything is produced with the idea of nothing beingowned: everything is for the benefit of the community inthis world.'As I watch the lad wander away, I wondered to myself,Maybe one day that young man will think up a neweconomic system, and offer it to the world; for we arenow at the end of an era, known for its money-lovingways.StartLet us start againLet's not pretendFor we shall grow till death, and then.So lets us lookFor we must actSpeak now:Words are our friends